

# EXHIBIT U

**INT. TFCC - STENNIS - CONTINUOUS**

The room is on alert.

COMMS-CREW #2  
Sir, we have two groups hot to the  
boarder -- leader is a single, trail  
is heavy --

Admirals Simpson and Horan exchange a concerned look.

ADMIRAL SIMPSON  
Push Defensive Counter Aircraft to  
engage --

**EXT. SKY - OVER THE OCEAN - MOMENTS LATER**

High over the ocean, Fruitloops/Toejam's and Skidmark/Fanboy's \*  
F-18s fly in combat formation --

AIR CONTROL OFFICER (OVER RADIO)  
Shield 1, single group, Rock, 180-55.  
Angels 10, track south. Hostile,  
recommend commit.

**INT. F-18F, FRUITLOOPS/TOEJAM - CONTINUOUS**

FRUITLOOPS (INTO RADIO)  
Shield 1-1, commit. Contact, single  
group --

TOEJAM  
Payback time.

Fruitloops pulls their F-18 into an aggressive turn -- heading  
inland -- Skidmark follows.

**EXT. SKY - HOSTILE TERRITORY - MOMENTS LATER**

FOUR SU-57S in Kozolov's Green/Brown camouflage paint-scheme \*  
scream across the sky, heading out towards the ocean -- chasing  
after Maverick and Boogie's limping Tomcat --

**INT. F-14 TOMCAT - MOMENTS LATER**

Mav is fighting to squeeze every bit of airspeed out of the  
Tomcat without losing their last engine -- Numerous warning  
alarms flashing on his console --

Boogie's head is on a swivel to the rear, watching their ass  
for enemy fighters --

BOOGIE  
(deep concern)  
We're in a bind, Mav. We're gonna get  
run down by Kozolov's SU-57s or get it  
in the face from our guys --

MAVERICK  
How far to the border?

Boogie glances at their hand-held GPS.

BOOGIE  
(not close enough)  
20 miles --

**INT. TFCC - USS STENNIS - CONTINUOUS**

ON THE SCREENS: Fruitloops and Skidmark's F-18s are closing \*  
on the nose of the lead "Hostile" (Maverick). The Four SU-57s \*  
closing on Mav's tail -- \*

**INT. F-18F - FRUITLOOPS/TOEJAM - MOMENTS LATER** \*

Fruitloops doesn't have a visual on the closing planes, but \*  
her sensors have them locked in -- She reaches for a switch \*  
on her console -- \*

FRUITLOOPS (INTO RADIO)  
Shield 1-1, targeting single group.  
Master-arm on --

MAVERICK (OVER RADIO)  
99 Shogun, Bittersweet! Bittersweet!  
This is Dagger 1-1 and Dagger 1-2 on  
Guard. We have repossessed an enemy  
Tomcat. North of border tracking south.  
Angels 10. We are single engine.

TOEJAM  
Holy shit!

FRUITLOOPS (OVER RADIO)  
(shocked)  
Lead group, Friendly! Friendly! Switch  
to target trail group --

SKIDMARK (OVER RADIO)  
Shield 2, Copy. Fox 3, two ship.

Two missiles streak from underneath Skidmark's wings -- \*  
blasting forward at the distant Hostile SU-57s. \*

3.\*

INT. F-14 TOMCAT - MOMENTS LATER

MAVERICK

Here comes the Cavalry --

Fruitloops & Skidmarks F-18s rocket past them -- supersonic -- \*  
heading to engage the chasing Su-57s -- \*EXT. SKY - MOMENTS LATERThe Four Su-57s break off and RUN, dumping flares and chaff -- \*  
heading back into Kozolov's territory -- \*

FRUITLOOPS (OVER RADIO)

Shield 1-1. Hostiles breaking off.

INT. TFCC - USS STENNIS - CONTINUOUSEveryone in the room is incredulous at the radio calls coming \*  
through -- \*

AIR CONTROL OFFICER (over radio)

Trail group no longer a factor. Shield \*  
flight join up and escort Tomcat 1. \*

FRUITLOOPS (OVER RADIO)

Shield. Copy. \*

Admiral Horan looks over at Simpson in surprise --- Simpson \*  
just shakes his head, fighting a disbelieving smile --- \*INT. F-14 TOMCAT - MOMENTS LATERMav and Boogie look out as Fruitloops and Skidmark's F-18s \*  
pull alongside in formation.

FRUITLOOPS (OVER RADIO)

Hell of a entrance, Dagger. \*

MAVERICK (INTO RADIO)

Hey guys, good to see you. \*

FANBOY (OVER RADIO)

(going crazy with excitement) \*

You guys out Bob-Hoovered Bob Hoover! \*

BOOGIE (INTO RADIO)

Did it just for you, Fanboy -- \*

FRUITLOOPS (OVER RADIO)

Tomcat 1. Say your fuel state. \*

Mav glances at his console covered in flashing red lights. \*

4.\*

MAVERICK (INTO RADIO)  
Getting low, 2-point-4 -- I have an  
unsafe gear indication. I'm going to  
dirty up. Give me a look over.

EXT. F-14 TOMCAT - CONTINUOUS

Mav "dirties up" the aircraft, gear down, flaps to full -- the  
two F-18s dip low alongside to examine his craft.

FRUITLOOPS (OVER RADIO)  
Tomcat, I got some bad news for you.  
Your gear is down and locked, but you  
have two blown tires. Your hook is  
not down.

INT. F-14 TOMCAT - CONTINUOUS

BOOGIE  
(exhales)  
Shit.

AIR BOSS (OVER RADIO)  
Tomcat 1, Tower. Standby, we're looking  
at options.

SHIP CAPTAIN (OVER RADIO)  
(after a beat)  
Tomcat-1, this is Old Salt. You can  
eject alongside, or you can take the  
barricade.

Mav and Boogie are silent for a beat, digesting this news.

BOOGIE  
I say we dump. What do you think?

MAVERICK  
You really want to trust whoever packed  
these chutes?

BOOGIE  
We get one shot with the barricade --  
get it right or we're done.

MAVERICK (INTO RADIO)  
Tower, we'll take the barricade.